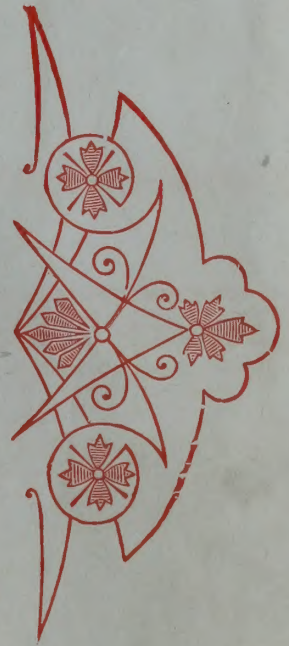
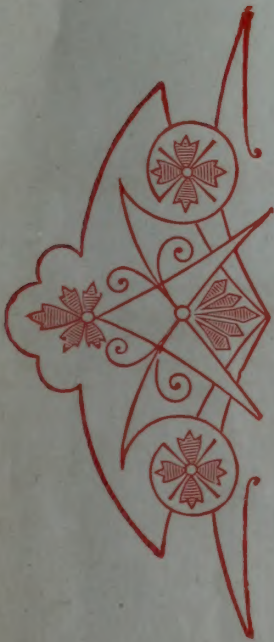


HARRY VON TILZER'S CYCLONE HIT!

I Sent My Wife To the Thousand Isles



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William W. Delaney,
117 Park Row, New York.

I Sent My Wife to the Thousand Isles

Words by Andrew B. Sterling & Ed Moran. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.
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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

We stood upon the pier to-day and said our last good-by,
And as I held her hand in mine a tear stood in my eye;
She saw that tear and said: I hate to leave my lonesome boy!
I turned away, she did not know those tears were tears of joy.

CHORUS.

I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles to-day, she's on her way,
She'll spend a week on ev'ry isle, and say, that's why I'm gay!
So ev'rybody come and give three cheers,
She's going to be away for twenty years.

'Cause I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles to-day, hooray!

Just think when I get home to-night there'll be no wifey there,
And just across the table I will see a vacant chair;
I love my wife, I love my wife, I love her more each day,
I love my wife, I love my wife, because she's far away.

CHORUS.

I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles to-day, she's on her way,
She'll spend a week on ev'ry isle, and say, that's why I'm gay!
To-night when I go home at half-past ten,
I'll turn around and walk right out again.

'Cause I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles to-day, hooray!

I'm going to take the rugs up, I won't need them any more,
And buy some new dance records, then get down and wax the floor;
I'll fill the ice chest full of things, then phone the boys and say:
Come up and bring the girls; my home is now a cabaret!

CHORUS.

I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles to-day, she's on her way,
She'll spend a week on ev'ry isle, and say, that's why I'm gay!
And if the tenants start to raise a shout,
I'll buy the house and put the tenants out.

'Cause I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles to-day, hooray!

She told me I must not forget to feed the dog and cat—
I think they'll have to take their meals down at the automat;
And then I'll take the parrot and jab cotton in each ear—
I'd hate to have him tell the wife the things that he will hear.

CHORUS.

I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles to-day, she's on her way,
She'll spend a week on ev'ry isle, and say, that's why I'm gay!
I'll give a chicken dinner twice a week,
I won't let Ziegfeld even have a peek.

'Cause I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles to-day, hooray!

I'll tell the elevator boy to tell the girl next door
To tell her friend, to tell her friend down on the second floor;
To tell her friend, to tell her friend, the blonde across the street,
To tell her friend, to tell her friend, to speak next time we meet.

CHORUS.

I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles to-day, she's on her way,
She'll spend a week on ev'ry isle, and say, that's why I'm gay!
There's not a girl for whom my heart don't yearn,
So just be patient, girls, and wait your turn.

'Cause I sent my wife to the Thousand Isles to-day, hooray!

You're a Great Big Blue-eyed Baby

Words and Music by A. Seymour Brown.
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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Oh, honey, since I first met you,
I know why I have been so blue;
And I know that love is true,
You can pl.ily see such a change in me,
My arms are aching to enfold you,
Close to my heart I want to hold you;
But there's something that I haven't told you,
I just can't help loving you.

CHORUS.

For you're a great big blue-eyed baby,
You're the sweetest thing I know,
And, dearie, oh, oh, oh!
I just like to bet che if you linger long I'll get che!
You're a great big blue-eyed baby,
I want to pet you like a child of three,
But there's one thing I want understood,
When you're around me I just can't be good!
I want to hug and kiss you like your mama would
Her great big blue-eyed baby.

I only sleep to dream of you,
And all the little things you do;
Ev'ry day brings something new,
And you've grown to be all the world to me,
You'd never know how it would grieve me
If you should ever go and leave me;
Hold me close and say that you believe me,
Each breath of life, dear, is you.

Johnny, Get a Girl

Words by Stanley Murphy. Music by Harry Fack.
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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Bashful Johnny Lawlor, seated in the parlor,
Reading stories in a magazine;
When his friend Bill Miller, first-class lady killer,
Passes by the window with his queen,
Bill calls his dear old friend out, and he begins to shout:

CHORUS.

Johnny, get a girl, get a girl, get a girl and come along,
Johnny, get a pearl with a curl, take a whirl and you can't go wrong;
You can read a magazine when you are eighty-two,
Grab yourself a sweet sixteen,
'Cause, Johnny, when you're old, when you're old,
I've been told it's hard to land them when you're losing your pep.
Johnny, one-step, two-step, but watch your step;
Johnny, get a girl, get a girl, get a girl and fall in line.
For you'll need her in the summer time.

Johnny found a girlie, dimpled, sweet and curly,
Said good-by to his old magazine;
Started in to wrestle just like Vernon Castle,
Wildcatting out but you've ever seen,
Went crazy with the heat, did nothing but repeat:

My Dreamy China Lady

Words by Gus Kahn. Music by Egbert Van Alstyne.
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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Where the lantern lights are all aglow, to a little China bungalow
Ohing Lo would go to serenade in the ev'ning;
But to-night his heart is sad and blue,
And his little song is mournful, too.
He has come to say he must sail away far across old China Bay,
And he sings this serenade to his little China maid:

CHORUS.

Slumber on, my dreamy China lady,
When the lights are burning low;
Soon I'll sail away from you, but maybe I'll return,
And then you'll know how much I love you,
Wait for me, my dreamy China lady,
When the lotus flowers bloom:

'Neath the Oriental skies of blue, in a little rickshaw built for two,
We'll go on a China honeymoon.

After many years of waiting there, little China girl is in despair,
She sighs and cries: Come back to me, little sweetheart!
But another day her heart will learn
That her lover never will return,
And she mourns the day that he sailed away far across old China Bay,
Still in dreams she seems to hear his love song ringing near:

The Stormy Sea of Love.

Words by Ballard Macdonald. Music by Harry Carroll.
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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

There's a bathing beach that's open all year round,
Where the very best of swimmers can be found;
Where life savers most are needed,
Where no cry for help is heeded,
Ev'rybody hollers: Let 'em drown!
It's a case of sink or swim, hearts are sinking deep within,
And all the waves are roaring: Going down!

CHORUS.

'Oh, your chances are slim when you go for a swim,
In the stormy sea of love;
There's a strong undertow, and the first thing you know I
"Down goes McGinty to the bottom of the sea!"
So you'd better beware of the heart breakers there,
Always keep your head above;
For "many brave hearts lie asleep in the deep,"
In the stormy sea of love.
Lots of credit's due to any one who braves,
Swimming 'gainst those matrimonial tidal waves:
There are widows, maids and matrons,
Numbered 'mong the season's patrons,
Anything the pleasure seeker craves,
It's a case of sink or swim once that you have ventured in,
For that's where single men get closest shaves.

It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary.

Words and Music by Jack Judge and Harry Williams.
Copyright, 1912, by B. Feldman & Co.

Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev'ry one was gay;
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

CHORUS.

It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest girl I know;
Good-by, Piccadilly, farewell, Leicester Square,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary, but my heart's right there!

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O.
Saying: Should you not receive it, write and let me know!
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear, said he,
Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me!
Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O.
Saying: Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly, hoping you're the same!

Tip-top Tipperary Mary

Words by Ballard MacDonald. Music by Harry Carroll.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Tipperary Tommy was a soldier boy,
Brave as any lad could be;
Tipperary Mary was a pretty lass,
Waiting for her Tommy 'cross the sea.
In her heart, in her heart a beating feeling tells
Of a love that is all true blue;
And in her ear a song Tommy sang will linger long,
And thrill her through and through:

CHORUS.

Tip-top Tipperary Mary, I love you true,
Tip-top Tipperary Mary, my love's true as your eyes of blue;
I dream of your endearing young charms ev'ry night thro',
Tho' I'm far away from Tipperary, Mary, my heart's with you!

Tipperary Tommy, so the story goes,
Told a comrade one dark night:
Ev'rything is fading, it's myself that knows,
Never evermore will Tommy fight.
In my heart, in my heart a throbbing seems to tell
Of my Mary so far away;
When you go marching home sing to Mary 'cross the foam,
This song I sang one day:

It May Be Far to Tipperary, It's a Longer Way to Tennessee.

Words by Arthur J. Lamb. Music by Alfred Solman.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Comrade, the drums are beating, my heart is beating, too,
Comrade, the bugle's greeting calls us to die or do;
Comrade, you have a sweetheart on Erin's isle, you say,
But my girl's across the ocean, my girl's in the U. S. A.

REFRAIN.

It may be far to Tipperary, it's a longer way to Tennessee,
For ev'ry mile there is a heartache, she's all the world to me;
In dreams I see her in the moonlight by the sweet magnolia tree,
It may be far to Tipperary, it's a longer way to Tennessee.

Comrade, the sun is setting, my life is setting, too,
Comrade, don't be forgetting what I have asked of you:
Tell her I had to leave her, don't let it break her heart,
For some day we'll meet in heaven, never again to part!

Back to the Carolina You Love.

Words by Grant Clarke. Music by Jean Schwartz.

Copyright, 1914, by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.

Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Carolina, that's a State and a girlie, too,
One who promised that she'd wait for somebody I knew;
Since he's gone I hear she's wed, how his lonesome heart has bled,
This is all the poor boy said: What is a fellow to do?

CHORUS.

Gone are the days I used to spend with Carolina,
She had the sunshine in her laughter,
Just like the State they named her after;
Gone are the days, the golden days I'm dreaming of,
And still I seem to hear her say: Will you be back?
Will you be back, back to the Carolina you love?
Carolina broke his heart when she wouldn't wait,
Tho' he must forget the girl, he remembers the State!
Ev'ry year he loves to go down there where the roses grow,
Once he said: I love her so, but I'm a little too late!

Mother Machree.

Words by Kida Johnson Young. Music by Chauncey Olcott & Ernest R. Ball.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

There's a spot in my heart which no colleen can own,
There's a depth in my soul never sounded or known;
There's a place in my memory, my life that you fill,
No other can take it, no one ever will.

REFRAIN.

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care;
I kiss the dear fingers so toil worn for me,
Oh, God bless and keep you, mother machree!

Ev'ry sorrow or care in the dear days gone by
Was made bright by the light of the smile in your eye;
Like a candle that's set in a window at night
Your fond love has cheered me and guided me right.

I Want to Go Back to Michigan.

Words and Music by Irving Berlin.

Copyright, 1914, by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.

Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

I was born in Michigan, and I wish and wish again,
That I was back in the town where I was born;
There's a farm in Michigan, and I'd like to fish again
In the river that flows beside the fields of waving corn.
A lonesome soul am I, here's the reason why:

CHORUS.

I want to go back, I want to go back, I want to go back to the farm
Far away from harm, with a milk pail on my arm;
I miss the rooster, the one that useter wake me up at four A. M.
I think your great big city's very pretty,
Nevertheless I want to be there, I want to see there
A certain someone full of charm;
That's why I wish again that I was in Michigan,
Down on the farm.

You can keep your cabarets, where they turn nights into days,
I'd rather be where they go to bed at nine;
I've been gone for seven weeks, and I've lost my rosy cheeks,
That's the reason I'd rather have the country life for mine.
My thoughts are far away, that's just why I say:

The War in Snider's Grocery Store.

By Hank Hancock, Ballard MacDonald & Harry Carroll.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Hans Gustav Snider, a local provider,
Of groceries, canned goods and such;
Had read of the war till himself and the store
Were both what is known as "In Dutch."
His brains he'd been feeding on so much war reading,
He woke up one night in a fright:
He rushed down the stairs, fell over two chairs,
And turned up the grocery store light.

CHORUS.

There were egg shells bursting near and far,
Above the Russian caviar;
A Bismark herring by itself
Was pushing all the French peas off the shelf;
An Irish potato started to cry
When a Spanish onion hit its eye;
Frankfurters fighting all over the floor,
Howling and growling: We're the dogs of war!
There was Sunny Jim upon a horse,
Swooping down with all his "Force,"
The paprika growing weaker,
Shouted out: Won't you open that door?
And a couple of tough Vienna rolls
Shot a poor Swiss cheese all full of holes.
In the terrible war in Snider's grocery store.

Dutch pumpernickle had joined a dill pickle,
Attacking the fresh navy beans;
A Limburger cheese greatly strengthened the breeze,
And anchovies, prunes and sardines,
Were fighting an army of Dago salami,
And that's only half what he saw;
He jumped into bed, put ice on his head,
And went on the wagon once more.

WE KNOW NOT HOW TO LOVE HER TILL SHE'S GONE.

TRY THIS CHORUS ON YOUR PIANO.

Words and Music by WILLIE WILDWAVE.

CHORUS.—*a tempo.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a chorus with the lyrics: "We know not how to love her till she's gone, Our dear and dar-ling moth-er, till she's gone; We know not how to love her Till the green grass grows a - bove her,— No, we know not how to love her till she's gone!". The score includes a piano introduction marked "a tempo." and a piano accompaniment marked "colla voce." The music is in 2/4 time and G major.

We know not how to love her till she's gone, Our dear and dar-ling moth-er, till she's

gone; We know not how to love her Till the green grass grows a -

bove her,— No, we know not how to love her till she's gone!

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COMPLETE COPIES OF THIS SONG CAN BE HAD AT ALL MUSIC STORES.

Oh, that Beautiful Band

Words by Stanley Murphy. Music by Alex Gerber.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 48 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Oh, honey, oh, honey, put your wrappings on.
Go, honey, go, honey, put your trappings on;
You'll get a treat to-night, I've got a seat to-night.
Where the music plays and everybody sways!
Oh, come, honey, come, honey, don't you hesitate,
Run, honey, run, honey, 'cause it's getting late;
You'll hear melodies to-night
That will fill you with delight.

CHORUS.

Oh, that beautiful band, oh, that music so grand.
Can't you hear that raggy rythm so beautiful?
It's tutti frutti, roo-tooti tutti frutti!
When I hear that minor strain,
I lose my brain and almost go insane.
That's the band that put the melo in melody.
The band that took the harm out of harmony!
Oh, let me stay right beside that beautiful band!

Oh, honey, oh, honey, hear these cornets blow,
Oh, honey, oh, honey, hear that piccolo;
Just watch that drummer drum, that trombone's going some,
Don't you love that fellow with his mellow cello?
Say, honey, say, honey, ain't you glad you're here?
Sway, honey, sway, honey, to that music clear;
Pound your feet down on the floor,
Make 'em play one more encoro.

Lay Down Your Arms

Words by Louis Small. Music by Charles James.

Copyright, 1915, by E. Kabot. International copyright secured.

Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 48 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

In the hearts of many mothers there is sorrow.
On the eyes of many mothers there are tears;
On the lips of many mothers and the lips of many others,
There's a prayer for those held precious all these years.
If their mother's voice could reach them far away,
They'd seem to hear their dear old mother say:

CHORUS.

Lay down your arms, my boy, my boy.
Let us have universal peace;
God only knows there has been bloodshed enough.
It's time the shot and shell should cease.
Mothers are weeping day by day for their pride and joy.

Your father lost his life that way.
If he was here right now he'd say:
Put that sword and gun away, lay down your arms, my boy.
In the homes of many mothers there's a picture.
In the eyes of many soldiers he was brave;
But to-day that dear old mother she must place beside the other
A picture of the son she could not save.
Now if years ago the mothers had their say,
They'd have their darling boy with them to-day.

My Rose of Tipperary

(Words and Music by J. Frederick Hanley.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 48 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Springtime has come to the little green isle.
The song birds chirp love tunes, the earth wears a smile;
It's a tear fills my eye, and once more I long
To tread the green soil where my tired feet belong;
With my Rose, my Irish Rose,
Her sweetness my lonesome heart knows.

CHORUS.

She's my Rose of Tipperary, she's my Tipperary Rose
Tho' her eyes they dance with mischief, like the winds that blow;
Other girls are fascinating, but to me they're aggravating,
For there's none so captivating as my Tipperary Rose, Rose,
Tip, Tipperary Rose.

Though I am far from the little green isle,
The song birds have flown, still the earth wears a smile;
Though chill winter winds blow, my flower lives still,
She blooms in my heart where no cold winds can kill;
My sweet Rose, my Irish Rose,
My great love for her always grows.

On the Bay of Old Bombay

Words by Edward Madden. Music by Melville Morris.

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In Bombay, down in dreamy old Hinduland,
As we wandered the silvery strand, I won her heart and hand;
My little gal sailing 'way, when we both met to say good-by!
As I kissed her I whispered:
I will come back soon, my Hindu gal!

CHORUS.

On the Bay of old Bombay, 'twas there she stole my heart away,
And the tune of the tom-toms humming, strumming, seemed to say
That temple bells will ring out soon upon a Hindu honeymoon,
And we'll dream love dreams while the moonlight beams.

On the Bay of old Bombay.

Came the day, with my lonely heart beating fast
Sailing back to my love at last to claim her heart and hand;
My Hindu gal, bright and gay, I could see by the tropic moon.
As they sailed on their honeymoon,
My Hindu gal with my best pal.

CHORUS.

On the Bay of old Bombay, 'twas there she stole my heart away,
And the tune of the tom-toms humming, strumming, seemed to say
That temple bells have rung their tune upon a Hindu honeymoon,
Where the moonlight lies, while my love dream dies,
On the Bay of Old Bombay.

Twilight Brings Dreams of You

Words by J. Will Callahan. Music by Paul Pratt.

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Just as the sun goes down at night,
Just as the daylight dies;
Just as the stars shed their first pale light,
You come in dreams with love in your eyes,
Once more it seems that the world is new,
Twilight bring dreams, dear, of you, just you.

REFRAIN.

Twilight brings dreams of you, dear, dreams of your tender smile,
Tho' we're apart, into my heart hope comes to live awhile;
Love in your eyes I see, dear, love that is fond and true,
When the shadows are falling, mem'ries recalling,
Twilight brings dreams of you.

Somewhere to-night the shadows fall,
Over the world and you;
Somewhere I know, dear, the night birds call,
Brings to your dreams those fond mem'ries, too,
Mem'ries of days that no more shall be,
Just as the twilight brings you to me.

Your Daddy Was a Bashful Beau

Words by Alex Gerber. Music by Al W. Brown & Gertie Moulton.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 48 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Don't be so bashful, said Willie's dear ma,
Remember to-day you're twenty-one;
Try to be jolly, like all the boys are,
Now go out and have some real fun,
You're like your dad was years ago,
He was an awful bashful beau.

CHORUS.

Your daddy was a bashful beau,
For when it came to loving he was awfully slow!
He would sit by my side quiet as he could be,
I really had to coax him to make love to me,
'Twas I who first thought to propose,
In fact, I had to "lead the way."
If your daddy hadn't been so bashful,
You would have been much older to-day.

I'll never forget it, said Willie's dear ma,
When I met your daddy the first day;
He looked at me and I looked back at him
And he didn't know what to say,
He didn't fall in love at sight,
But he got used to me all right.

SEND BACK MY LETTERS!

TRY THIS CHORUS ON YOUR PIANO.

Words and Music by WILLIE WILDWAVE

CHORUS.—*a tempo*.

Send me back my let - ters, And yours I'll send to you; You

a tempo.

vowed that you loved me, And said that you'd be true:

Love's en - tranc - ing rap - ture. . . . No more we can re - new,

Send me back my let - ters, And yours I'll send to you!

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The Little House Upon the Hill.

By Ballard MacDonald, Joe Goodwin and Harry Fack.

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I feel oh, so lonely to-night, I feel all alone,
I'm just starving for a sight of my old Kentucky home;
I can see my mother old and gray, I can hear the whippoorwill,
I can see a light for me in the window of the house upon the hill.

CHORUS.

There's a light that's burning in the window

Of a little house upon the hill:

And the light will burn and a heart will yearn,

And it always will till I return!

For there's only one mother, I know she's waiting still;

And she'll always keep the light a-burning

In the window of the house upon the hill.

I've seen many wonderful sights, wand'ring on my way,
But I've spent such lonesome nights, and been weary thro' the days
I'm just looking for a mother's love, and I know she longs for me,
Can't erase her loving face, it's the sight of all the sights I want to see.

Last Night Was the End of the World.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. DeLaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

We were alone in the moonlight, there in the shadow below,
Last night seems to me in my dreaming was thousands of years ago;
Sweet was the story I told you, sweet, but the end was a sigh,
You told me that you loved another last night when you said good-by.

CHORUS.

Last night the stars were all aglow.

Last night I loved, I loved you so;

My heart was glad, for you were near,

I held your hand and called you dear, my dear!

And then the stars grew grim and cold,

The moon grew pale, my heart grew old;

My dream is o'er, to live no more,

Last night was the end of the world.

Why did I call you my dear one? there was a light in your eye,
Last night, dear, I thought it was beaming for me till I saw it die;
Why did you teach me to love you? why when you knew we must part
A smile, and you left me forever last night when you broke my heart!

Won't You Throw a Kiss to Me?

Words and Music by Wm. McKenna.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. DeLaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Sweetest girl in all creation lives among the Georgia pines,
Down upon the old plantation, my gal, all mine;
Go to see her ev'ry ev'ning, then you'll hear my banjo ring,
Katydid join in the chorus when to my angel love I sing!

CHORUS.

Linda, Linda, I'm a serenadin' 'neath your winds.

Linda, Linda, come down and sit beside me 'neath the willow trees!

Linda, Linda, with love my heart is burnin' to a cinder,

Linda, Linda, won't you throw a kiss to me?

When the summer moon am gleamin' softly thro' the whippoorwill vine,
That's the time we sit a-dreamin', moon time, spoon time;
Linda's promised we will marry when the birds go north in spring,
Nevermore I'll have to tarry 'neath the window where I sing!

In the Golden West.

Words by Charles A. Bayha. Music by Euby Cowan.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. DeLaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

I just was dreaming, I just was dreaming,

I thought I saw that old stage coach a-swinging

Down the mountain side,

On that bumpy, thumpy, rocky ride,

I woke up screaming, I woke up screaming,

With joy because I thought that it was bringing

Me to the farm, where my pa and marm

Pray that I'm safe from harm—gosh darn!

CHORUS.

In the golden West, in that eighteen carat golden West,

Where ev'ry pal and friend sticks to the end;

The girls are just the kind a fellow hates to leave behind,

Where they do that prance that they call the Texas Tommy dance.

Say, pard, just buckle your belt and gun and take it on the run

To the golden West!

I can't help raving, I can't help raving,

About my pony way out on that ranch;

I know he's waiting for me,

And he's wondering where I can be,

That's why I'm saving, that's why I'm saving

Each penny that I get to buy a ticket;

Then I'm going some, 'cause they wrote to come

Out where they make things hum, by gum!

Here Comes the Bride.

Words by Lew Brown. Music by Albert Von Tilzer.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. DeLaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Hear those church bells a-ringing, hear that choir a-singing,

That's why I'm sad, that's why I'm mad;

There's nobody to hear me, there's nobody to cheer me,

Someone stole my man away on this my wedding day,

Now I'm left in the lurch, 'cause when I got to that church:

CHORUS.

I saw my angel ohlie a-marching down the aisle,

Upon his face he wore a smile;

While I cried as if my heart was going to break

When I thought of who was goin' to eat that wedding cake,

And when the preacher man took the wedding band

And placed it on that woman's hand;

I started in to pray and then I heard the organ play,

Here comes the bride, here comes the bride,

The girl who stole my lovin' man away.

When that man was near dying I just sat there crying,

I pawned my rings to buy him things;

Oh, how that man did pet me, said he never forget me,

But this promise wasn't good, I'd sue him if I could,

But there's no use to sigh, I just wish that I could die!

I Miss You Most of All

Words by Joe McCarthy. Music by James V. Monaco.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. DeLaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

One little quarrel and two sweethearts parted,

He's sad and lonely and she's broken-hearted;

Two heads are bowed down in shame,

Both think that they are to blame,

He calls her up after one week of sadness,

He murmurs: Sweetheart, I can't live alone;

I must have you, maybe you're lonesome, too!

And the girl answers back on the phone:

CHORUS.

The chairs in the parlor all miss you,

The pictures all frown on the wall;

The flowers won't grow, for they seem to know,

And the sunshine won't come in at all,

Our little canary won't sing any more,

The folks ask me why you don't call:

Our whole house is blue, they want you, only you,

But I miss you most of all.

Just a few hours and troubles are ended,

Sunshine and flowers and broken hearts mended;

Both race to meet at the door,

Kisses a score and then more,

He looks so happy and she looks so thankful,

He murmurs: Sweetheart, I've come back to stay!

She whispers: Dear, I am so glad you're here,

You can chase all the shadows away!

Wait Until Your Daddy Comes Home.

Words and Music by Irving Berlin.

Copyright, 1912, by Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.

Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. DeLaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Curly-headed pickaninny acting gay,

He's been bad all day and he won't obey;

Talking back to mammy in a sassy way,

Makes her look with much surprise,

Mammy starts to holler as a mammy would,

Won't you please be good, like a good boy should?

But it doesn't seem to do any good,

So she finally cries:

CHORUS.

Wait until your daddy comes home,

Wait until your daddy comes home;

I'll tell him how you've been talking to your mammy

Since he started to roam,

Wait until I tell him the way you've been misbehaving to-day,

He'll press your pants in a manner nice and fine,

Right on the spot where the sun will never shine;

Lawdy, how you're going to groan

When your loving daddy comes home,

Curly-headed pickaninny jumps about,

Sticks his tongue way out at his mammy stout;

Steps upon his mammy's foot, the one with gout,

Till it almost broke apart,

Mammy lays the pickaninny on her lap,

In her hand a strap, ready for the rap;

But she hollers as she lays down the strap:

No, I haven't the heart!

It Was Just a Song at Twilight

Words by Bernard Granville & Arthur J. Jackson. Music by Rubey Cowan.
Copyright, 1915, by Bernard Granville Pub. Co. International copyright.
Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Don't you remember the days of our childhood?
Don't you remember the songs in the wildwood?
I'd left them behind, dear, then to my mind, dear,
There came a melody soft and low.

CHORUS.

It was just a song at twilight, and it carried me back to you.
To the days of long ago when we were sweethearts true;
Then absence made my heart grow weary for you—
Filled my soul with longing, too.
For it was just a song at twilight that made me come back to you.

Since I've been roaming, I've heard many songs, dear,
But in the gloaming my heart still belongs, dear;
For of the many there wasn't any
Half so melodious, dear, as yours.

Son of My Heart.

Words by Edward Teschemacher. Music by Frank E. Tours.
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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Oh, you're a bonny lad and true, son of my heart.
And oh, I'm fond and right proud of you, son of my heart:
With your brow all curls and your rosy lips
That are set with smiles apart;
And you're mine, all mine, that's the best of it,
Son of my heart, son of my heart.

I've no sermon to preach you, never fear, son of my heart,
For the goal for you shines bright and clear, son of my heart;
You must take your song from the wind and waves
Ere the troubles rise and start;
And make what is best in life your own,
Son of my heart, son of my heart.

Oh, you'll be a great big man one day, son of my heart,
And you'll have to fight as you take your way, son of my heart;
Oh, be brave and strong through the roughest storm,
And be true and just bear your part;
And you'll take God's blessing and mine with you,
Son of my heart, son of my heart.

I Will Always Love You as I Do To-day

Words by Herman Kahn. Music by Leo Friedman.
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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Ever since I met you I have loved you, dear,
Clouds are turned to sunshine, darling, when you're near;
If the world around us were to fade away,
I would always love you as I do to-day.

REFRAIN.

I will always love you as I do to-day,
I am happy with you, sad when you're away;
When the golden summer turns to autumn gray,
I will always love you as I do to-day.

Ev'ry day that passes finds my love has grown,
You have won my heart, dear, it is yours alone;
Time can never change me, years may pass away,
Still I'll always love you as I do to-day.

The Dearest Girl in the World

Words by Murray Roth. Music by Irving Mintr & Ben Fisher.
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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Ever since the day that she went away,
My heart has not been feeling right;
I just sit and sigh with a tear-dimmed eye,
As I recall those days of delight.
When she left, for many weeks I cried,
Until my soul within me died.

CHORUS.

She was the dearest girl in all the world,
Tho' she had no ruby lips or teeth like pearl;
I worshipped the ground that she walked on,
I cherish her memory, although she's gone.
She was so kind and so faithful to me,
And she was all that a pal ought to be;
And I'll ne'er find another, for she was my mother,
The dearest girl in the world.

Years have brought me care,ills that I must bear,
My heart is paining through and through;
Oh, I'd gladly give all the world to live
The olden golden days that I knew.
And so I am going to look around
Still a girl like mother I've found.

I Want to Be Loved Like the Girls on the Film.

Words and Music by Hank Hancock and Tom McNamara.
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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Beautiful May had a wonderful way
Of bringing the fellows around;
They worshipped her smile and they sighed all the while,
For her voice had a musical sound,
But May never fell for the sweet wedding bell,
For married life didn't appeal;
She would say to her beau: Wedded life is too slow,
For this is the way that I feel:

CHORUS.

I want to be loved like the girls on the film,
I want to have heroes galore;
I want to be queen, like you see on the screen,
With princes and knights by the score,
I want to be saved from a watery grave,
I want to dare death all the time;
I want to be loved like the girls on the film,
It's the life in the movies for mine!

May got her chance in the movies to prance,
She said: Now my prayers have come true!
She thought she'd be queen, but they said: You're too green,
As a cook or a maid you may do!
But May was too bad, and her acting was sad,
She spoiled ev'ry real that they took;
So she married one day, but you'll still hear her say,
As she sighs o'er a cookery book:

That's When I'll Marry You.

Words by Al Dubin and Clarence Gaskill. Music by Rennie CORMACK.
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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any other two songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Little Willie Brown ran around, ran around
With little Marie;
Willie said: Marie, marry me, marry me!
She said: Listen to me!
If you want to marry, you must understand
There are things that you must do
Before you win my heart and hand.

CHORUS.

When you buy a little bungalow,
Some sweet place where red-roses grow;
When you have an auto of your own,
And promise me to spend your nights at home;
When you are thro' with chorus girls and cabarets,
Taxi rides that keep you broke for days;
And then when you have learned to rock a cradle, too,
That's when I'll marry you.

Little Willie Brown called around, called around
Each Saturday night;
Willie used to say: Name the day right away!
He thought he was in right,
But quite unexpected, Tuesday night he called,
To some other fellow there
He heard her whisper in the hall:

Home Was Never Like This.

Words by A. Seymour Brown. Music by Albert Gumble.
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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Hiram was a farmer from way up the State,
He came to the city and thought it was great;
He brought his bank-roll and his best Sunday suit,
And when he dolled all up oh, gee, he was cute!
Hiram met a stranger one night on Broadway,
And of course she took him into a café;
People dancing there, Hiram said: I declare,
That's my middle name, ding bust it!

CHORUS.

Come on and dance with me, come on and dance with me,
I feel as young as a boy;
I want to learn each god-darn step that they do,
Teach me ev'ry one that is new!
I want to learn the whirling, dance with the pretty girls,
Don't mind the steps that I miss: (I'll get it!)
Here's where I'm going to stay, I'll give the farm away,
Home was never like this!

Hiram said: I'm out just to have a good time,
I don't care for money, so zip goes a dime!
I'll send a wire up home and tell them right now,
If you are short of change, why just sell a cow!
Ev'ry time the music would give him a chance
Hiram grabbed a chicken and started to dance;
He'd yell: This is great! I'll learn to hesitate,
If I break a leg, by golly!

Red Rose Rag.

Words by Edward Madden. Music by Percy Wenrich.

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Down in the garden where the red roses grow, oh, my, I long to go!
Pluck me like a flower, cuddle me an' hour,
Love, let me learn that red rose rag!
Red leaves are falling in a rosy romance;
Bees hum: Come, now's your chance!
Don't go huntin' 'possums, mingle with the blossoms
In that flowery, bowery dance.
Oh, honey-moon, shine on in June and hear me croon this loving tune!
Trees and breezes crying and sighing it,
Love, let me learn that red rose rag:
Sweet honey bee, be sweet to me, my heart is free, but here's the key
Look up the garden gate, honey, you know I'll wait
Under the Rambler rose tree.
CHORUS.
Pick a pinky petal for your papa's pride,
Beg a burning blossom for your budding bride;
Woo me with that wonderful wiggle wag,
Tip to toes to tease me and to tickle, too,
Do that dainty dance like Dandy-doodle-do,
Ring your Rosie round that red rose rag.

Girls, Girls, Girls.

Words and Music by Billy Gaston.

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Adam met Eve on a bright summer day,
Eve wore a leaf that led Adam astray;
Eve was so modest in winter, I swear,
She would blush at the trees because their limbs were bare.
When out all night, Adam wouldn't explain,
But when Eve grew able she sure did raise Cain;
She led him a merry old chase, you can bet,
And the girls of to-day have the boys chasing yet.
CHORUS.
Oh, you girls, girls, girls, you're the maker and breaker of worlds.
Oh, you girls, girls, girls, we love all your puffs and your curls;
We can do without wining and dining, we can do without diamonds
and pearls,
But I'm darned if we fellows can do without girls, girls, girls!
Why do we do all the things that we do,
And why are we happy and why are we blue?
Why is it when we meet some little dear
We just order ice cream, when we're dying for beer?
Why are we mushy and foolish at times,
And why do we spend all our nickels and dimes?
It's "Girls," that's the answer to ev'ry old pun,
And I'd sooner be dead than to be without one.

You're Going to Lose Your Husband if You Do

Words and Music by Mabel Hite.

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I am a peaceful woman and I never will complain,
But since I wed I'm almost dead, my husband is insane;
He keeps me jumping thro' the hoop, he's gone from bad to worse,
He doesn't seem to want a wife, what he needs is a nurse!
When I try to have my way, he will yell at me and say:

CHORUS.

You're going to lose your husband if you do,
Go right ahead and I won't worry, have a hot time in a hurry.
Ere you start out on your way I have just one word to say,
You're going to lose your husband, your husband, your husband,
You're going to lose your husband if you do!

I couldn't wear a hobble skirt when they were all the go,
How I suffered on windy days no one shall ever know;
And now I want a harem skirt, he can't see them at all,
He says: United we will stand, divided we will fall!
Said he: You'll take a chance if you wear those harem pants!

CHORUS.

You're going to lose your husband if you do,
Tho' you may think my ways uncouth I won't stand for the naked truth
An' while your charms it may enhance to wear those nifty harem skirts
You're going to lose your husband, your husband, your husband,
You're going to lose your husband if you do!

I want to sing grand opera, I have a lovely voice,
The way I sing "Il Trovatore" would make your heart rejoice;
To have a job like Melba's job has always been my wish,
But ev'ry time I try to sing I have to dodge a dish,
I feel downhearted when he cries: Don't sing again!

CHORUS.

You're going to lose your husband if you do,
I have a lovely voice, I cried, He answered: Tie that dog outside!
I had a new song to rehearse, He said: Don't start the second verse
For you're going to lose your husband, your husband, your husband,
You're going to lose your husband if you do!

Good-by, My Love, Good-by.

Words by George Graff, Jr. Music by Ernest R. Ball.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Mine is a love of a thousand years, born just to live all for thee, dear,
And tho' to-day you can say good-by, some day you'll hunger for me;
And tho' I'm far o'er the desert sands or way beyond all the icy lands
List'n'ing I'll hear you calling, calling, my love, for me.

REFRAIN.

No mountains can hold me, no oceans divide,
No pow'r when you call can keep me, love, from your side;
Tho' years come and years go my love cannot die,
For life is mine, because I love thee, good-by, my love, good-by.
Flowers may bloom, I will never know, stars cannot shine more for
me, dear,
Nor hear the birds that we both love so, they'll take their songs all
to thee;
But rivers merge all into the sea, flow'rs give their souls, love, unto
the bee,
Life seems so small a gift, dear, such is my love for thee.

It's Lonesome on Broadway.

Words and Music by Billy Kent.

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Hello, Jimmy, how are you? seems to me you're looking blue,
Come on, pal, I say, let's stroll down Broadway;
That's the only thoroughfare, you'll forget your troubles there,
Jimmy shook his head! Not for me! he said,
I've been roaming round and I declare: That

CHORUS.

It's lonesome on Broadway, I wonder why?
It may seem strange to say, I often sigh:
Bright lights are gleaming, still I keep dreaming,
No matter where I stray I hear the music play, it's mighty sweet,
Things all seem bright and gay along the street:
When you're with me with cash to spend and then can't find a lady friend
It's lonesome on old Broadway.

Wait now, Jimmy, let me think, come on and let's have a drink,
Uptown there's a queen, she's a peacharine;
Pleasant ev'ning we can spend, if a note I write and send,
Or I'll telephone, if she's only home,
I'll tell her to bring another friend. For

Baby Rose.

Words by Louis Wealyn. Music by George Christie.

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Just you keep a-waiting till the good times come, Baby Rose, Baby
Rose,
When we get together we'll be going some, what a happy wedding day
Tho' I haven't money for a grand old time,
What's the use of money in a sunny clime?
When those wedding bells are ringing good luck's come to stay.

CHORUS.

My Baby Rose, my Baby Rose, nobody knows
How I'm crazy to stick along, no matter where she goes;
Each breeze that blows tells me of Rose,
There's not a thing I wouldn't do if she asked me to for my Baby Rose
Save up ev'ry kiss and ev'ry loving hug, Baby Rose, Baby Rose,
Snuggle like the dickens to your honeybug when my daily work is done
Soon as I get enough to buy a ring,
Promise that I'll up and do the proper thing:
From the church in Tallahassee we'll come forth as one.

The Mississippi Dippy Dip.

Words by Ballard Macdonald. Music by W. Raymond Walker.

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It was at a ragtime ball down at Watermelon Hall,
Fiddies ringing, all the darkies singing,
Out upon the floor the boys and girls were winging:
Music stopped to take a rest, then Miss Mandy did request:

REFRAIN.

M I double S I double S S I double P I, that Mississippi dip,
That Mississippi dippy, dippy dip.

CHORUS.

There's that tune that I've been waiting for,
Swing me, honey, right across the floor;
Go on, let her rip, don't you slip, don't you trip,
Johnny, get your gal for the Mississippi dip,
Just put your arms around me tighter, hon',
Ev'ry step I take's a lighter one:
You've got to come from Dixie
If you want to do that Mississippi dippy, dippy,
Mississippi, Mississippi dippy dip.

Wonder why does my heart beat, keeping time with both my feet
Go on gliding, keep your feet a-sliding,
Feels as if upon the wings of love I'm riding,
Honey, ain't that music great from that ever loving state?

To the End of the World with You.

Words by Dave Reed & George Graff, Jr. Music by Ernest R. Ball
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A wonderful power has entered my life,
It came when your eyes reached my heart;
I live in a glorious dreamland with you,
A kingdom of love set apart.
And all of my love is because I love you,
For love is my life and my all;
And ages to be only mean you to me,
To love until heaven's roll call.

CHORUS.

Tho' stars of hope are burning low, dear,
And all the world is filled with woe, dear;
My heart will bid me go, dear,
To the end of the world with you!

I dreamed of your coming and longed for you so,
I built you a shrine in my love;
And all that my fancy had dreamed, love of you,
You brought when you came from above.
Without you I'd be as a lost mountain stream
That never has reached to the sea;
Eternity's all seem as ages too small
To live out my longing for thee.

I Love the Ladies

Words and Music by Irving Berlin.
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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Young Johnny Dunn was twenty-one, he liked to dance in each café,
He liked the ladies, so they say, that's why he danced in each café;
His daddy's got an awful lot, that makes it soft for little Dunn,
When he said: Go to work, my son!
Johnny said: I'm having too much fun!

CHORUS.

I love the ladies, I love the ladies,
I love to be among the girls;
And when it's five o'clock and tea is set,
I like to have my tea with some brunette.
I love the ladies, I love the ladies,
And in the good old summer time;
When I'm in swimmin' I love the women,
Because it makes the swimmin' so fine.
When I'm in London, Paris and old Vienna,
Or any other town;
I get so homesick, homesick,
Unless I'm hearing the rustle of a gown.
I love the ladies, I love the ladies,
I love the small ones, tall ones;
God bless 'em, the world can't twirl
Around without a beautiful girl.

To have some fun, young Mr. Dunn went off to college once again,
A college where there's girls and men, he thought he'd learn a lot
and then
A sweet co-ed soon turned his head, he burned his study books, they
say,
Threw up his cap and yelled: Hurray!
And they heard him twenty miles away.

Do It Now.

Words by Harry Williams. Music by Egbert Van Alstyne.
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To the sea sweet Marie went a-fishing merrily
In a sweet Parisian gown one day;
And she took for a hook in her little pocketbook
All the rouge that she could store away.
In despair she would stare till she met a millionaire
Whose daddy left a large estate;
He was fine just divine, so she threw him out a line,
And this is what she used for bait:

CHORUS.

I believe that I could like you if I knew that you liked me,
Could you furnish all the honey for your little honey bee?
Could you kiss me kiss me, kiss me, if you can't, I'll show you how.
It's a long time till to-morrow, do it now, do it now.

Mr. Wise rubbed his eyes, then he looked up in surprise,
And he said: My dearie, you're in wrong;
I suspect you're on deck for the boy that writes the check.
But I couldn't even write a song.
On the wee salary they are handing out to me
We two would have to live as one;
But if you think I'll do with my dollar eighty-two,
We'll finish what we've just begun!

By the Beautiful Sea.

Words by Harold R. Atteridge. Music by Harry Carroll.
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Joe and Jane were always together,
Said Joe to Jane: I love summer weather,
So let's go to that beautiful sea,
Follow along, say you're with me!
Anything that Joe would suggest to her
Jane would always think it was best for her;
So he'd get his Ford, holler: All aboard!
Gee, I want to be:

CHORUS.

By the sea, by the sea, by the beautiful sea,
You and I, you and I, oh, how happy we'll be;
When each wave comes a-rolling in,
We will duck or swim,
And we'll float and fool around the water!
Over and under, and then up for air,
Pa is rich, ma is rich, so now what do we care?
I love to be beside your side, beside the sea,
Beside the seaside, by the beautiful sea.

Joe was quite a sport on a Sunday,
Though he would eat at Childs on a Monday;
And Jane would lose her millionaire air,
And go to work Marceline hair.
Every Sunday he'd leave his wife at home,
Say: It's business, honey, I've got to roam!
Then he'd miss his train, get his Ford and Jane,
And say: Come with me!

Don't Give Me Diamonds, All I Want is You.

Words and Music by Charles K. Harris.
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The brown-stone mansion glittered with a thousand beams of light,
The husband stood beside the open door;
I'm going to the club, he said, I'll not be home to-night,
Here's something that I brought you from the store.
He took a diamond necklace from the pocket of his coat,
And gave it to the woman he had wed;
She seemed to grow so old, as she shuddered in the cold,
And to the husband waiting there she said:

CHORUS.

Don't give me diamonds, all I want is you,
I want your love, dear, I want you to be true;
Precious jewels, showers of gold cannot change a love that's cold,
Don't give me diamonds, for all I want is you!

A year has passed and all alone the husband sits at night,
And dreams of her, his loyal loving wife;
He knows too late he's lost her love, the love so staunch and true,
To win it back he'd gladly give his life.
He holds her picture in his hands and kisses her dear face,
In sorrow that no mortal tongue can tell;
She's happier in that home from which there's no return,
And now too late recalls her words so well:

All Aboard for Blanket Bay.

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.
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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. Delaney, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

There's a ship sails away at the close of each day
Sails away to the land of dreams;
Mama's little Boy Blue is the captain and crew,
Of this wonderful ship called the White Pillow Ship.
When the day's play is o'er, and the toys on the floor
Crest aside by a little brown hand,
Mama hugs him up tight, papa whispers: Good-night,
Little sailor boy, sail into sweet slumberland.

CHORUS.

All aboard for Blanket Bay, won't come back till break of day,
Roll him round in his little white sheet
Till you can't see his little bare feet.
Then you took him up in his trundle bed, ship ahoy, little sleepy head
Bless mama, bless papa and sail away, all aboard for Blanket Bay.

There was one night the ship took a wonderful trip,
And the captain came home next day
With his little voice hushed, and his little face flushed
From a fever he'd caught in the slumberland port.
And they watched by his bed till the old doctor said:
He's a-sleep, danger's past, come away.
Mama kissed her Boy Blue, papa hugged him up, too,
There were tears in his eyes as he sang Blanket Bay.

Oh, You Beautiful Doll.

Words by A. Seymour Brown. Music by Nat D. Ayer.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

Honey dear, want you near.
Just turn out the light and then come over here;
Nestle close up to my side, my heart's afire with love's desire.
In my arms rest complete,
I never thought that life could ever be so sweet
Till I met you some time ago.
But now you know I love you so.

CHORUS.

Oh, you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll.
Let me put my arms about you, I could never live without you;
Oh, you beautiful doll, you great big beautiful doll.
If you ever leave me how my heart will ache,
I want to hug you, but I fear you'd break.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, you beautiful doll.
Precious prize, close your eyes,
Now we're goin' to visit lover's paradise;
Press your lips again to mine, for love is king of ev'rything.
Squeeze me, dear, I don't care!
Hug me just as if you were a grizzly bear—
This is how I'll go through life.
No care or strife when you're my wife.

Honey on Our Honeymoon.

Words by William Jerome. Music by Joan Schwartz.

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Come, honeymoon, come, love, and spoon,
Don't you keep me waiting, Molly dear;
Hearts are in tune, love blooms in June,
Cupid's getting mighty busy here.
The roses seem to whisper in my ear:

CHORUS.

Honeymoon with me, my honey,
My own sweet honey, my sugar honey;
Love just makes you feel so funny,
Life seems so cheery with you, my dearie,
Something in your eyes of blue, dear,
Tells me true, dear, just what to do, dear.
Love is always sunny, think of all the honey,
Honey, on our honeymoon.

Queen of my heart, we'll never part,
Love like mine, dear, gold could never buy;
Birds in the trees sing to the breeze,
Love's message has been carried to the sky.
The man up in the moon just winks his eye.

Who Are You with To-night?

Words by Harry Williams. Music by Egbert Van Alstyne.

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Bill Bouncer was a rounder, just as round as he could be,
He rounded all around the town with all the girls he'd see;
At luncheon he had Genevieve, at dinner he had Flo,
And then he had somebody else each ev'ning at the show.
A young soubrette but old coquette said: I remember you,
I've seen you out with Maude and I've seen you out with Sue;

CHORUS.

Who are you with to-night? oh, who are you with you to-night?
Who is the dreamy peach and creamy vision of sweet delight?
Is it your little sister, Mister? answer me honor bright,
Will you tell your wife in the morning who you were with to-night?
One night he phoned his wife that business kept him down, you see,
Then in a private dinner room, as comfy as could be,
With such a little queen he sat, till thro' the open door,
He heard a voice, a voice he knew, that he had heard before.
His wifey took a single look, then took him by the ear,
To lead him home, no more to roam, and shouted: Sir, look here!

I'm an Honorary Member of the Patsy Club

Words by Andrew B. Sterling. Music by Harry Von Tilzer.

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Words and music of this song will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 40 cents, or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Wm. W. DELANEY, 117 Park Row, New York. One-cent postage stamps taken same as cash.

My friend Bill he had the blues, I said: Say, what did you lose?
Bill said: Lost my freedom, ain't you heard the news?
No more Patsy Club for mine, no more white lights on me shine.
When the clock is striking nine I'm taking off my shoes,
Old pal, I'm worse than dead, and then Bill softly said:

CHORUS.

I'm lonesome, don't know what to do,
Since I've been married I'm feeling so blue;
My wife wears the pants and the coat and vest, too,
When she says, come here, well, I've got to jump through.
She's the check book, I'm the stub,
I'm an honorary member of the Patsy Club.

Bill said: Ev'ry morn at four I get chased out to the store,
After cooking breakfast I must scrub the floor;
Talk about your family tree, hark to this, then pity me,
Yesterday my kids were three, this morning there's two more,
And just to make things right, I lost my job last night.

Mary Went 'Round and Around.

Words by Alfred Bryan. Music by Fred Fischer.

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When Mary first went to the seashore,
The great Scenic Railway she spied;
Said she: That there motion agrees with my notion,
I think I will go for a ride.
She took a seat, smiling sweetly,
And as she sat down, made a bow;
Someone in the crowd heard her whisper out loud:
If mother could just see me now!
She leaned back as nice as you please,
Enjoying the beautiful breeze.

CHORUS.

Mary went 'round and around and around with a bumpy umpty ay!
Merry go round, yelling: Hip-hip-hip-hooray! hooray!
She stood on her feet and she smiled nice and sweet
As the band began to play;
When the car it went up pretty Mary fell down
On her hip-hip-hip-hooray!

The car kept on faster and faster,
She nearly went out of her mind;
Went up with a dash and came down with a smash,
Then she grabbed at the fellow behind.
But he got a haircut that morning,
There was nothing to hold on to there,
And all you could see was some French lingerie,
Two feet sticking up in the air.
She started to holler and shout:
Stop that car! won't you please let me out? But

I Was All Right in My Younger Days.

Words by A. Seymour Brown. Music by Nat D. Ayer.

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John Brown was stout, was sick with gout, but he married a girl I know
Now the girl I mean was sweet sixteen, while John was sixty-two.
He told his wife of his gay young life when he was a Broadway light,
She said: Show me what a sport you can be, we'll do the town to-night
John smiled and shook his head, and to his young wife said:

CHORUS.

I was all right in my younger days when I was strong and handsome,
With the wine and girls and their dainty curls, why then my young
blood ran some;
But time will change most anything, it's made a change in me I vow,
I was all right in my younger days, but I'm all in now.

Now old John's wife led a lonesome life till she met a bright young
fellow.
Who sang of love and stars above in a voice so sweet and mellow:
Now John was kind but he wasn't blind, and told his wife, of course,
She said: Now dear, your duty's clear, just give me a divorce.
John asked the reason why, his wife made this reply:

CHORUS.

You were all right in your younger days, when you were strong and
handsome,
With the wine and girls and their dainty curls, why then your young
blood ran some;
But time will change most anything, it's put a crimp in you I vow,
You were all right in your younger days, but you're all in now.

'Cross the Mason-Dixon Line.

Words by Stanley Murphy. Music by Henry I. Marshall.

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Way down in Dixie where the cotton an' corn am growin',
Way down in Dixie where the old Swanee River's flowin';
Way down in Dixie, that's where this coon am goin',
Goin' mighty soon.
To that sunny Southern clime where summer time is all the time;
To that ever-lovin' little girl of mine, 'cross the Mason-Dixon line.

CHORUS.

I'm goin' to go while the goin' is good,
I'm goin' to go, 'cause I told her I would;
I can hear that old cold north wind blowin',
An' it's blowin' just the way that I'm goin',
And I'll beat it while the wind is with me,
To that lovin' girl of mine;

I'm goin' to walk, ride, slip, slide, any way to get there,
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I've been a-savin' and a-savin' up all my money,
I've got a ring I'm goin' to bring to my little honey;
My heart's a-bumpin', I'm feelin' mighty funny,
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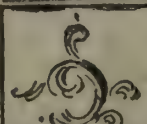
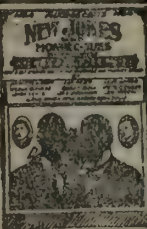
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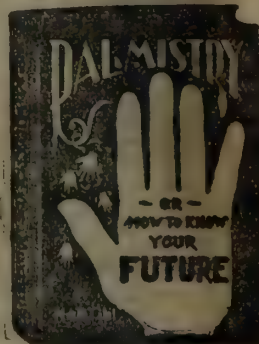
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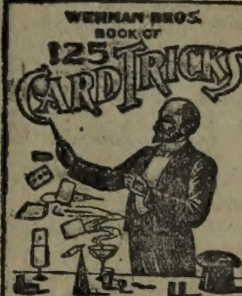


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to Win. If You Were Mine. I Know What You're Doing. I Left My Old Kentucky
Home for You. I'll Come Back to Embrace You. Color Me In. I'm Not a Lover but
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Monkeys. In Mobile Town. In My Haven. In the Golden West. In Valley Where
Allegory Flows. Is There Anything I Can do for You? I've Got the Finest Man. I
Want to Be in Dixie. I Want You, Darling. I Will Love You Just for Auld Lang Syne.
Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye. Just a Little Word Called Welcome. Just Set a Light.
Keep away from the Fellow Who Owns Automobile. Lead Me to that Beautiful Band.
Let Me Live and Sing in Dixieland. Little Funch of Shiloh. Little Lost Child.
Lonesome Old Aunt Sarah. Look Out There. Looking for a Wife. Love and
Me Tonight in Glorious. Mick Who Threw the Brick. Miss Calumet. Molly-O.
On, Molly. Worried After the Night Before. Mother of the Girl I Love. Movin' Man.
Don't Take My Baby Grand. My Bill from Louisville. My Love for You. My Love is
Greater Than the World. My Parcel Post Man. Nothing to Do but Dream. Oh, Miss
McGee. Oh, Mr. Anslo. Oklahoma Twirl. Old Dog Tray. Old Love is Best Love.
On the First Dark Night Next Week. Pick on Your Mandolin, Antonio. Pictures of
Grand Old Love. Ragtime Jimmy Man. Ragtime Mocking Bird. Ragtime Soldier Man.
Rainbow. Raindrops are Falling Telling me to Tell you to Tell her to Tell him to Tell
Francisco Round. Since Just Plain Mary Jane. She Sleeps Natch the Old Ohio River.
Ship of My Dreams. Show Me Around and Around. Since I Fell in Love with Mary.
Smoky Okapias. Society Bear. Islem the Life. Summer Love. Take Me Back to
Garden of Love. Take Me to Loveland. Take Me to Roseland. My Beautiful Rose.
Tallies. Telephone Bells. Texas Tommy Dance. That Dyin' Rag. That Monkey Tune.
That Quack Rag. There's a Girl in Panama. Throw a Kiss to Me, My Mountain Man.
Till We Meet Again. To the Ladies Men. To the Ladies Love. To the Ladies.
Trifling Cupid Bores. Wanderer. Wedding Bells. Welcome Home. We'll Drink
Friends No more. What Did I say that For? When a Boy from Old New Hampshire.
When It Rains, Sweetheart. When Michael Doyle Heard th' Booley. When Kissing
Comes Again. When the Bloom is on the Cotton. When Evening Bells Are Chiming.
When They Gather Sheaves. When You Kiss Italian Girl. Where the Ivy's Climbing.
Where's Richard and Old Oak Tree. Where the Sweet Magnolias Grow. Whistling Rag.
Why Can't I Get a Kiss? Yes, I Kissed You Yesterday. Yag. You Can Have It
Any Time at All. You Don't Have to Struggle With the Doctor. You Don't Know
Enough You Won't. You'd Be Just as Glad to Come Back Home. You're a Great Big
Blue-eyed Ball. You're Just as Sweet at 60 as You Were at Sweet 16. You're So Dif-
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